

After Dark by GallifreyGod

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Cliche af, Established Relationship, F/M, Plot What Plot/Porn Without Plot, Romance, Smut, The Author Regrets Nothing

Language: English

Characters: Eleven (Stranger Things), Jim "Chief" Hopper, Joyce Byers, Will Byers

Relationships: Joyce Byers & Jim "Chief" Hopper, Joyce Byers/Jim "Chief" Hopper

Status: Completed

Published: 2017-12-03

Updated: 2017-12-03

Packaged: 2022-04-03 05:08:38

Rating: Explicit

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,061

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Lights are out, Kids are asleep, no better moment for alone time

After Dark

Author's Note:

this is rated E for a reason, its smut. You've been warned

sorry for any errors, I've double checked but I always feel self-conscious about that.

Hopper always found that the best remedy for long days at work had been coming home to his wife. Joyce's energetic smile always seemed to refresh his mind the moment he walked in the door.

Lights were out, kids were asleep, and the two of them were alone. Joyce was laying down with a book when Hopper crawled into bed. As she tried to keep her eyes focused on her book, she couldn't keep herself from staring at his shirtless chest. Married for four years and she had seen him like that every night... she could never get used to how delicious he looked.

"See something you like?" Hopper said with that infuriating smirk on his face. Joyce couldn't help but bite her lip when he slithered closer to her.

"Hmm, maybe." Joyce replied with a grin as she pulled him in for a kiss. His mouth still tasted like tobacco from the pack of cigarettes he smoked. Hopper teased her lips with his tongue before pulling her bottom lip softly between his teeth.

Slowly, his hand started to sneak up the old white tee shirt she was wearing. Joyce tried not to let her moan echo too loudly as his fingertips stroked her nipple. She had never truly known how sensitive that part of her body was until Hop came along.

As he gently tweaked her nipple to a point, he moved his hand to her other breast before doing the same thing. Joyce could feel the hot pool in her belly start to spread to her core with each move of his fingers.

"Hop..." She moaned almost silently as he continued to tease her. He moved to straddle her hips as he lifted the white cotton shirt off her body. Leaning forward, Jim softly took her nipple into his mouth, moving his lips around the pink patch. Joyce gripped his head with one hand and clawed his back with the other as his tongue traced along the tip.

After he moved to her other breast, Joyce felt impatient as the tingle between her legs grew stronger. "Hop." She groaned again, trying to keep her volume as low as possible.

Moving off her lap, Hopper laid down between her thighs and lifted her legs to rest on his shoulders. Joyce covered her mouth as she felt his beard tickle her thighs.

Ever so slowly, Hopper's tongue dragged a rigid line up from her soaked slit. Joyce shuttered at the pleasure radiating down her legs and up her stomach. His mouth started to suckle on her clit before he flickered his tongue across the throbbing nub.

"Fuck, Hop! Don't stop." Joyce moaned breathlessly as she tried not to grind her hips into his face. He moved his tongue back down to her dripping folds before he slipped two fingers inside of her.

"Shhh." He whispered as he saw her jaw begin to drop. Keeping quiet during sex had always been difficult for her when Hopper did his thing. He liked that she was so verbally responsive, just not with paper thin walls.

"Ho-Hopper." She panted under her breath as his fingers immediately found the sensitive bundle of nerves deep within her. His mouth went back to working over her clit while his fingers kept their pace.

"Christ, Joyce. You're soaked." Hopper whispered when his mouth came up. Her center continued to make an obscene sound as his fingers raked inside of her. Hopper could tell she was moving closer to the edge of release as her thighs shook against his cheeks.

"Fuck. Fuck. Fuck. Don't stop!" She ordered as his fingers continued to delve inside her dripping entrance.

Suddenly, like a wave crashed over her body, she trembled as her

orgasm rocked through her. Hopper's hand moved from her hip to her mouth, stifling the moan that escaped involuntarily. He was always prepared for that.

As Joyce regained her ability to think and breathe, she spoke the only words she could bring to her lips. "Fuck me, Hop." She panted.

As quickly as he could, Jim reached into the nightstand and pulled out a condom. "Hurry." Joyce pleaded as he tugged on his cock. After gliding the rubber over his length, Hopper wrapped his arm around her waist and pulled her forward.

Joyce grabbed his erection and slowly seated herself onto him. Both of them groaned silently at the feeling of skin on skin. Joyce could never fully get used to his thickness even after fucking for several years. The sensation of feeling so filled only fueled her fire as she began to ground herself on him.

"Fuck, Joyce." Hop moaned as he moved his mouth to suck on the sensitive patch of her neck. Her arms held onto his back like an anchor as she twisted her hips down his cock.

His hands traveled all over her body, gripping whatever he could for leverage as she thrust herself onto him.

"God damn squeaky bed." Joyce groaned while she tried to slow her pace to end the thumping. Her attempts failed and ended in her only moving harder and faster.

Hopper's hand snuck between their bodies and started to rub antagonizing circles around her clit, bringing her closer back to the edge. "Hop, I'm close." Joyce murmured through the rhythmic thumping.

"Come Baby. Come for me." Hop muttered with his mouth against her shoulder. Like a coil snapped inside of her, Joyce felt her climax ripple through her core.

Hopper quickly attached his hand over her mouth to cover her moan. Her wide-eyed gaze stayed glued to his as they both shuttered from their earth-shattering orgasms.

Both falling back to their pillows, Joyce pulled the sheets over their entangled bodies. Hopper snuggled up to her as she reached over and grabbed them two cigarettes.

"I love you, Joyce." Hopper mumbled with a hazy smile before he leaned over and kissed her.

"I love you too, baby." She replied with the same blissful smile.

Jane groaned as she pulled herself out of bed. Walking into Will's room, she saw him lying in bed with headphones on and a book.

"Where are Jonathan's old headphones?" She grumbled while Will pointed nonchalantly over at his desk.

Rolling her eyes, Jane threw the headset over her ears and walked back to her room.

Joyce and Hopper were never as quiet as they thought they were.

Author's Note:

See you in hell.

John Barrowman smile
go wash your hands